

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury,

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto sheet of fifty-six columns, filled with interesting and valuable news, local and general, and is published every day except on Sundays, holidays, and the day after a general election. It is the only newspaper in the United States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men. Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Special notices and advertisements are given at special rates.

Local Matters.

More Commercial Wharf Trouble.

Public interest has again been attracted to Commercial wharf this week, and it now looks as if the litigation, which the troubles there are creating, would have no end. Thursday a gang of men, under instructions from Col. Honey as agent of the Commercial wharf property, began tearing away the bay window on the Commercial wharf front of the building erected several years ago for, and until quite recently used as, a sort of club house or reading room for the apprentice boys at the naval training station. When the building was abandoned by the navy boys it was purchased from the trustees by Mr. C. B. Reynolds and later connected with the building on the corner and made a part of the property occupied at the time as the Holly Tree Coffee Rooms. Both buildings stood on the Langley estate and the bay window was removed on the ground that it projected over the line dividing the two properties.

When the tearing-away work was begun, Mr. Reynolds placed his clerk, Wm. F. Lavan, in the building as occupant, but the young man was promptly removed—"forcibly" it is claimed—by Col. Honey and his watchman, G. A. Wilcox, who have since "held the fort" as occupants of both buildings and a card now occupies one of the Thames street windows of the corner building which reads:

Write of arrest, charging assault and placing the damages at \$500 in each case, were served upon Messrs. Honey and Wilcox who promptly furnished the necessary bond for release, with Mr. W. S. Lavan as surety. The writs are returnable March 9 next.

Yesterday the opening in the side of the building, made by the removal of the bay window, was clapboarded over as was also the doorway formerly used as the main entrance.

O'Brien Located.

John L. O'Brien, of this city, who in 1893 pleaded nolo to a grand jury indictment for robbing his employer, E. Read Goodridge, of some \$600 worth of goods, and then jumped his bail, was recently located in Liverpool, Eng., and he is now held by the authorities there for extradition. After O'Brien went away it was very strongly intimated from certain quarters that the reason he was not returned and made to suffer with his colleagues in crime was because of a "pull" with the authorities. These insinuations did not set very well on the minds of said authorities, either city or state, and to cure the runaway has been the determined and persistent effort of the State attorney general's office, the sheriff's office and the city detective's office ever since. The necessary State papers for O'Brien's extradition were made out last week and taken by Deputy Sheriff Knill to Washington where the order for the arrest was called, and in a few days Deputy Sheriff Knill and Detective Richards will go to England and bring O'Brien home for a sentence.

Capt. Stephen A. Gardner, superintendent of the Old Colony Steamboat Co., was in Washington on last week Friday, where he appeared before the committee on Rivers and Harbors of the House of Representatives regarding the dredging of Newport harbor. Capt. Gardner expects to get an appropriation of \$10,000 and this with the \$8,000, which is still unexpended, will make a sum of \$18,000 available for the work. Capt. Gardner has been in Newport this week.

Lincoln's Birthday.

This holiday, which is in a fair way of becoming a legal holiday, was appropriately observed by the schools of this city on Wednesday. In addition to special musical and literary programmes appropriate to the occasion the schools were visited by members of the Grand Army Post, who made addresses on the war of the Rebellion and the life and character of him who so wisely administered the affairs of the nation at that time and in honor of whose birth the exercises of Wednesday were held. There were also large numbers of other visitors present who enjoyed the exercises and were especially pleased with the enthusiastic spirit in which the children participated in them. It would be impossible to give the programme of each school's exercises, as much as we should like to do so; it must suffice to say that the music was well chosen and excellently rendered as were also the various readings and essays.

At the Rogers High School the visiting veterans were Judge Baker, who spoke of the early life of Lincoln and read James Russell Lowell's tribute to his greatness; Col. John Rogers and Mr. Robert D. Coggeshall, who also made brief remarks.

At the Townsend Industrial School, Capt. J. P. Cotton was the guest of honor. At the Coddington School the visitors were Commodore Tilly and Hudson. At the Leabath building the old soldiers were Mr. O. G. Langley, Dr. J. H. Chappell and Past Commander G. H. Clarke, the latter delighting his audience with a recitation of a story of war days delivered in octosyllable. At the Calvert School, Mr. D. C. Denham addressed the younger pupils and W. O. Milne the older ones and Mr. Geo. B. Pritchard sang "The Boys of '61." At the other schools the Grand Army delegates consisted of Commodore James H. Taylor, Edward Conney and Peter Nelson to the Parish; Augustus French and M. S. Howe to the Edward street; Commander H. C. Bachelier and Commander T. M. Freeborn to the Willow street; Commodore John Sullivan, John V. Hudson and W. H. Barlow, to Grace Chapel; Past Commander James H. Barney to Hazard Memorial School.

Not Lost or Stolen.

Not every one is as fortunate as Mrs. H. E. Darrah, who lost money, paper and securities to the value of \$10,000 in Boston this week and recovered it. It seems that Mrs. Darrah intended to accompany her husband to Newport on the 6 o'clock train from Boston on Tuesday, but when she reached the depot, the train had just moved out. Not knowing surely whether Dr. Darrah was on the train or not, she put down the bag she carried containing the valuables mentioned, while she turned to question a train official. When she turned to pick it up, the bag was among the missing. Upon reporting her loss to the police headquarters, that department instituted inquiries at the railway station, where they soon found the lost articles and obtained the information that a railroad official saw the bag on the platform floor, and noticing that two men were eyeing it rather abashingly, he took it to the baggage room for safety. Everything was found to be intact and the property was turned over to Mrs. Darrah.

Mr. J. B. Bachelier informs us that owing to the recent persecutions on the part of the claimants to Commercial wharf, in stopping up the entrance to his place of business, etc., he has been obliged, in order to protect his trade, to purchase another stand where he may be permitted to care an honest living unmolested. He has, therefore, bought the shop and good will of Mr. Lewis Skinner on Ferry wharf. Mr. Bachelier, however, does not propose to be driven out of his old stand and will still carry on his business there also, as heretofore, so that those of his customers who prefer to do business with him there will find him at that place always ready as ever to attend to them.

Miss Madeline Simpson has been winning for herself new laurels this week in Taunton, by her inimitable impersonation of "Tom Tucker the Midshipman" in the opera Pinafore. That she took her audience by storm goes without saying, for the young lady always does that. Her audience, we are pleased to note, appreciated her efforts and loaded her with floral offerings. In one very handsome basket of flowers the little lady found a very valuable bracelet as a souvenir gift from her Taunton friends.

Simon Hazard has sold for W. D. Sayer and wife a lot of land on the Dulce plat situated at the corner of Canaan street and north Newport avenue. The lot is bounded southwesterly on North Newport avenue 83 feet, northwesterly on Canaan street 62 feet, north easterly on land of the late E. D. Jones, deceased, 56 feet, and southeasterly on other land of the grantors 61 feet.

Mr. Peter J. Lee has returned from a visit to New York and Brooklyn.

PRESENTATION OF THE

A very pretty home wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Crandall on Spring street Wednesday noon, when their daughter, Miss Emily Sherman, became the wife of Mr. Fred Mason Hammett. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. H. Porter, of Emmanuel church, in the presence of the families and intimate friends of the contracting parties. Miss Mabel Crandall, niece of the bride, acted as maid of honor. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hammett left on the 1:30 p. m. trip of the General for a brief wedding trip. Upon their return they will reside on Whitfield court.

Nichols-Blaiken.
Wednesday evening Rev. Mr. Porter was again called upon to unite two loving hearts, when Mr. James Nichols and Miss Margaret Mikan became man and wife. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's mother on Howard street and was attended only by the families of the contracting parties. Miss Isabelle Mikan acted as bridesmaid. After the ceremony the newly wedded couple repaired to their future home on the Nichols' estate, where Mr. Nichols has been employed as gardener for a number of years.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Mary's church Wednesday morning, the high contracting parties being Mr. Arthur P. Jennings and Miss Katharine Mary, daughter of Mr. Luke Egan. The ceremony was performed and the nuptial mass celebrated by Rev. Father Tully. Two brides were a handsome travelling suit and was unattended. Her brother, Mr. James Egan, performed the duties of best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Jennings left for a honeymoon trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

For some time it has been rumored that the Continental Steamboat Company was to be re-organized, the interests of the line of steamboats running to Fall River to be bought out, etc., and this week these rumors were confirmed when a meeting was held in the office of the Continental Steamboat Co., in Providence. Arthur H. Waters was elected president, Marsden J. Perry vice president, A. Livingston Mason secretary and Samuel M. Nicholson, first director. The company will hereafter be known as the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Co. These are the only steps taken thus far in the matter, but it is understood that it is the intention of the new company to give the best steamboat facilities between Newport, Fall River and Providence that these cities have ever known. The capital of the new company, it is understood, was furnished entirely by Rhode Island parties.

At the meeting of the Newport Horticultural Society Wednesday evening there was a very interesting discussion as to the benefit of floral exhibitions, etc., to the community and the society. Specimen blooms of the new Della Fox and Annie H. Loveland carnations were exhibited.

Mr. Frank H. Sherman, publisher of the Portsmouth Herald, who has been taking a course in printing at the New York Trades School, has acquired the distinction of being the fastest compositor and of exercising the best taste in job work of any pupil in the school.

A very delightful musicale was given in the parish house of the Zabriskie Memorial church Thursday evening for the benefit of the choir fund of that church. Vocal and instrumental music and readings composed the programme which was exceptionally well rendered.

We publish this week one of the Anonymous essays read at the Unity Club Tuesday evening entitled "Newport Fifty Years Hence." It is a picture of an ideal Newport and makes very interesting reading.

At the annual assembly of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island of the Royal Society of Good Fellows, held in Saylesville Wednesday evening, it was voted to hold the next annual assembly in this city.

Tomorrow evening Gen. G. K. Warren Post No. 21, G. A. R., will attend service at Charlestown Memorial church. On Thursday evening they will hold a camp fire at their hall.

The Naval Reserves will give a ball at the State Armory Monday evening. The hall has been tastefully decorated and the affair promises to be a very enjoyable one.

The Business Men's Association enjoyed another winter evening Wednesday, the prizes winner being Mr. B. B. Sherman with a score of 65 per cent.

The Oswald Society of the Thames street M. E. church gave a concert in the vestry of the church Tuesday evening.

At the regular council of Minneola Council No. 3, D. of P., Tuesday night one pale face was adopted.

Anonymous Essays at the Unity Club.

Last Tuesday night there was a large audience to hear these anonymous contributions, which for the last ten years have formed a special and attractive feature in the Unity Club's literary bill of fare. Colonel Lewis occupied the chair, and the various essays were read part by him, part by Dr. Squire, part by Mr. A. O. D. Taylor. They were read remarkably well, thus giving the unknown authors all fair play. All were excellent, several of them worthy of preservation as historical narratives of interest to Rhode Island. They were eight in number as follows: A poem, entitled, "Metacomb, the King Philip of Rhode Island; Indian and Patriot," by An Old Pagan; The "Priestess Jennifer Wilkinson," by A Rhode Island Daughter; A poem entitled "Barton's Raid," by Amelia of Warwick; "Johnny Gray's Letter from Newport, Time of Dr. W. War, 30th June 1842," communicated by Mohitabai Wilson; "Newport 60 Years Hence," by Seneca; The "Whirlwind of Time," by Seneca; "Scenes Around Newport," by Little Rhody; The "Futurescope," by Scipellarius.

In our issue of today we publish No. 6 by "Seneca" a most entertaining prophecy of what Newport will be half a century hence. No. 8 "The Futurescope," has been published by the Newport Daily News, No. 3, No. 4 and No. 6 by the Newport Herald, and No. 1 appeared in the Providence Telegram of the 12th inst., the subject of that "Metacomb the Indian Chief" being of interest not merely to readers in Newport, but all over Rhode Island. The Unity Club has a most brilliant hit this year in its anonymous essays. Its subject was well selected, local and thoroughly American.

The Will Sustained.

The January term of the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court had another short session this week. The will case of Timothy Leary vs. Newport Probate Court was the only one heard and in its close on Wednesday the court adjourned according to law. This case was to have set aside the will of the plaintiff's deceased wife, Bridget Leary, alleged undue influence, unsound mind, etc. The property, amounting to about \$2500 in the bank and some real estate, was bequeathed as follows: The house and lot on Potter street, equally to Catherine, wife of Thomas Dowd, and Anne, wife of John Dowd; testatrix's debts and charges to come out of this part of her estate. She then gives \$500 to Julia Mitchell, to the six children of the late Michael Finn \$500, to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Providence \$300, to Julia and Rose Murray \$300, and to her husband the contractant \$300. Considerable testimony was given on both sides but that in support of the will predominated and a verdict sustaining the document was rendered by the jury.

In the case of Anna D. Brazil vs. Joe Mitchell, defendant admitted to judgment for \$20—without costs.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, Knights of Pythias, was held in Providence on Tuesday. Past Chancellor John M. Hoyt, of Redwood Lodge, No. 11, was admitted to membership. The annual report of the grand keeper of records and seals showed number of lodges at end of 1895, 31; number of members in 1895, 3,072; initiated during the year, 214; admitted by card, 15; re-initiated, 10; total, 3,211; withdrawals, 31; suspended, 303; deaths, 43; present membership, 3,200, a net loss of 208. The membership, it is made up as follows: Past grand chancellors, 18; past chancellors, 200; knights, 3,109; exquires, 12; pages, 8. There is a net gain in the cash of the grand lodge of \$800.40. The sum of \$10,102.05 was paid out for relief and benefits.

The work of tearing down the old building at the corner of Spring and Church streets has been in progress this week and as soon as the ground is cleared, weather permitting, the new block will be begun. The new building, which is to be three stories high with stores on the first floor and tenements above, will be a great improvement to that neighborhood and a credit to the enterprise of Councilman Haire, the new owner of the property. Duncan McLean is the contractor in charge of the work.

Considering the season of the year Contractor Curry has made rapid headway with the new residence which he is building on Broadway and Rhode Island avenue for Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lawton. The masonry work, which includes the first story, is completed and most of the upper stories are framed and partially boarded in. The house will be the most expensive in that section of the city and is not expected to be ready for occupancy until next autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. DeBolis and Miss DeBolis are visiting friends in New York.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Regular and Special Meetings—Committees for the ensuing year, etc.
The regular monthly meeting of the school board was held Monday evening. In the absence of Dr. Barker, Mr. H. S. Fraunklin was chosen chairman pro tem. One hundred dollars was appropriated for the covering of steam pipes at the Townsend Industrial school. City S. J. Reister Sheffield, who was present by request, explained for the benefit of the members the recent legislative act condemning land for school purposes and instructed them how to proceed in the matter. Superintendent Baker presented his report containing the following statistics:

Day schools—Whole number registered, 2,652; term register, 2,630; average daily belonging, 2,311; average daily attending, 2,169; per cent. of attendance 91.2
Evening elementary schools, four weeks, ending February 7. Total enrollment—Men, 114; women, 73; total, 187. Average belonging—Men, 43; women, 31; total, 74. Average attending—Men, 27; women, 21; total, 48. Percent. of attendance—Men, 61.7; women, 68.6; total, 65.8.

Townsend Industrial School, term ending January 24. Total number of different persons enrolled in the courses. High School (industrial, commercial, and classical)—Boys, 68; girls, 9; total, 77. Grammar and intermediate (cooking, sewing and elyde)—Teachers, 17; boys, 200; girls, 405; total, 778. Private and parochial (cooking, sewing, and elyde)—Boys, 3; girls, 73; total, 76. Non-attendants (evening classes)—Men, 27; women, 73; total, 100. Total, 1,008.

The per cent. of attendance in the several branches of the industrial school is as follows: Cooking—high, grammar and intermediate, 60.2; private and parochial, 75.5; non-attendants, 61.1. Sewing—high, grammar and intermediate, 80.1; private and parochial, 67.7; non-attendants, 76.2. Sloyd—grammar, teachers and scholars, 94.7. The Superintendent also announced that Mr. E. L. Wharton had offered to give prizes to the pupil in the first intermediate and each of the grammar grades who shall write the best composition upon the proper treatment of animals. Mr. Baker suggested that all the children of the grades mentioned be required to write upon the general subject of the proper treatment of animals—the particular subject to be chosen by the pupil after consultation by the teacher; that the teacher then examine all the essays and select a small number to be submitted to judges chosen by vote of the several teachers of the grades, and that said judges award the prize to the successful boy or girl at the graduating exercises of the Coddington School in June. This arrangement will lay emphasis not only upon humane education but also upon the teaching of language—which is perhaps the most important subject in the elementary grades.

The crowded condition of the Leabath School was spoken of and it was urged that every effort be made to have the new fifth ward school house ready for occupancy at the end of the summer vacation.

The report of the trustee officer showed number of cases investigated, (reported by teachers), 63; number found to be truants, 2; number out of account of illness or other causes, 61; number found not attending school, 6; number sent to public schools, 9; number sent to Catholic schools, 2. It also recommended that two habitual truants be prosecuted according to law.

Two text books, one for the Rogers High School and one relating to extending Lincoln, were referred to the committee on text books.

The resignation of Miss Titus, an assistant teacher in the Townsend Industrial School, was accepted.

A resolution, was passed thanking Mr. E. B. Wharton for his offer of prizes and it was voted, after considerable discussion, to pay the janitor of the Grace Chapel building \$50 for work needed but not specified in the lease of the building.

We today evening a special meeting was called by Dr. Barker, the chairman, at which time the committees for the ensuing year were appointed as follows:

STUDYING COMMITTEE.
Finance—Messrs. Clark, Perry, Franklin, Teachers—Messrs. Perry, Clark, Ward, Text Books—Messrs. W. D. Coggeshall, Sayer, Buildings—Messrs. Langley, Currier, B. C. Commercial—Messrs. Coggeshall, Tracy, Gilpin.

RECORDS COMMITTEE.
Rogers High School—Messrs. Sayer, Coggeshall, Clark.
Coddington School—Messrs. Gilpin, Currier, Sayer.
Leabath School—Messrs. Coggeshall, Tracy, Sayer.
Travelling Avenue School—Messrs. Perry, Langley, Gilpin.
Calvert School—Messrs. Clark, Perry, Franklin.
Ferry School—Messrs. Coggeshall, Ward, Perry.
Whitfield School—Messrs. Ward, Perry, Edwards and Parson's Street Schools.
Messrs. Langley, Sayer.
Parish School—Messrs. Currier, B. C.
Evening schools—Messrs. Gilpin, Langley, Perry.

COMMITTEE UPON GRADES.
First Grammar—Messrs. Langley, Clark, Tracy.
Second Grammar—Messrs. Gilpin, Ward, Sayer.
Third Grammar—Messrs. Franklin, Sayer.
Fourth Grammar—Messrs. Currier, B. C.
First Intermediate—Messrs. Ward, Tracy.
Second Intermediate—Messrs. Sayer, Coggeshall.
First Primary—Messrs. Clark, Coggeshall.
Second Primary—Messrs. Langley, Sayer.
Third Primary—Messrs. Currier, B. C.
Kindergarten—Messrs. Clark, Franklin, Perry.

The committee on Buildings were appointed a committee to draw up with the committee of the City Council Monday evening to consider plans and estimates for the new fifth ward schoolhouse.

MIDDLETOWN.

VITAL STATISTICS FOR 1895. These statistics include 33 births, 7 marriages and 16 deaths. There were 7 births, 1 marriage and 1 death in excess of the number occurring in 1894. Of the births 17 were male and 16 female, all but eight were of foreign parentage and seventeen of the Portuguese descent. Five of the infants have died since or at time of birth. The number of births is up to the average of former years, but less per capita than when the population of the town was less. In 1890, the population was found to be 1,155. According to the last census taken in June, 1895, it is 1,419, an increase of more than 22 per cent. and lacking only about four per cent. of the average increase throughout the State since 1880. Of the deaths 10 were males and six females, 9 were of American parentage and seven of foreign. Of the decedents 6 were above 70 years of age and six under five years, so that excluding the aged and infants, there were only 5 deaths of persons in active life.

SCHOOL CENSUS.—The annual enumeration of children between the ages of five and sixteen, required by law has been completed and shows a total of 223. This is more than the total shown by the same census of last year and 24 more than the same total for 1890. The greater portion of the increase has come to the Alloy school district lying contiguous to Newport where the school children have increased nearly 100 per cent. since January 1890, when there were only 28 and now there are 51. In this district alone, 21 children report as attending school. The schools of Newport and in the whole town 42 report as in attendance some part of the year at the schools of Newport, most of this number going to the public schools. In addition to these 42, 10 more report as at school out of the town making a total of 58, and more than one-fourth of the whole number of school children embraced in the school census of 1895. Most of the children going to Newport are not in attendance in the higher departments of learning but in the lower grades such instruction only as the cases for such instruction afford. The notion seems to be gaining ground that even primary instruction must be sought outside the schools of Middletown, as each year notes an increase of those who go beyond its limits to seek school privileges and the number rose from 40 in 1894 to 65 in 1895. According to the census of the means 135 boys and 103 girls, 183 report as attending public schools in 1895, only 1 at Catholic schools and only 2 at select schools. There are 87 who were not members of any school in 1895, a majority of whom are under seven years of age. The several school districts maintain a general average in number as compared with the years elapsing since 1890, the greatest reduction being in District No. 1, which has lost 10. Grouped by district the census indicates that

No.	Boys	Girls	Total
No. 1.	27	27	54
No. 2.	10	10	20
No. 3.	23	23	46
No. 4.	11	11	22
No. 5.	11	11	22
No. 6.	22	22	44
No. 7.	11	11	22
No. 8.	11	11	22
No. 9.	11	11	22
No. 10.	11	11	22
No. 11.	11	11	22
No. 12.	11	11	22
No. 13.	11	11	22
No. 14.	11	11	22
No. 15.	11	11	22
No. 16.	11	11	22
No. 17.	11	11	22
No. 18.	11	11	22
No. 19.	11	11	22
No. 20.	11	11	22
No. 21.	11	11	22
No. 22.	11	11	22
No. 23.	11	11	22
No. 24.	11	11	22
No. 25.	11	11	22
No. 26.	11	11	22
No. 27.	11	11	22
No. 28.	11	11	22
No. 29.	11	11	22
No. 30.	11	11	22
No. 31.	11	11	22
No. 32.	11	11	22
No. 33.	11	11	22

DEATH OF A WORTHY MATRON.—The friends of Mrs. Sally A. Brown, of this town, were greatly surprised to learn of her death on Saturday, the 8th inst., as she had been in her usual health up to within a few hours of her demise, and had performed her household duties during the early part of the week. Mrs. Brown, who was the widow of Edwin G. Brown, lived with her only surviving son, on the Third Deane road, near the Peabody school house. Two of her sons, William T. and Albert G. served in the U. S. Army in the late civil war and both contracted disease in the service of their country, which practically disabled them for any active business, from the effects of which William died in March 1887. Mrs. Brown was a woman of quiet and equitable temperament, kind and hospitable in her disposition, for which and for other sterling qualities of heart and mind, she was fondly cherished and esteemed by her neighbors in general.

The Aqueduct Grange gave a very enjoyable orange tea on Monday evening at the Town Hall. The table decorations were of the orange tint, while cake, ices, and other refreshments bore evidence of the orange flavor. Following the entertainment there was a social for which music was furnished by the Berkeley orchestra and prompting by Mr. Wm. Allen of Jamestown.

PORTSMOUTH.

The town council and court of probate held its regular session in the town hall on Monday afternoon with full attendance.

PRIVATE BUSINESS.—The petition of Mary Ann Finkler, administratrix on the estate of Wm. H. Faulmer, deceased, praying for license to sell a certain parcel of land situated in the town of Jamestown, R. I., in order to enable her to meet the deficiency in the assets of the personal estate of said Faulmer, was received and referred to the second Monday in March, with an order of notice.

The petition of Charlotte A. Stason, administratrix on the estate of Richard W. Stason, deceased, representing the estate of said deceased, and praying the Court to appoint commissioners to receive and examine the claims against the estate, was received and the prayer of the petitioner granted, and W. D. C. Main, Arthur L. Borden and Charles S. Sisson were appointed commissioners and three months are allowed the creditors to bring in and prove their claims.

COUNCIL BUSINESS.—A claim for damages done by dogs to seek of Alameda Lechman, amounting to \$11.40, was allowed and ordered paid as the law directs.

A petition of Gardner C. Lather, praying that he may have the right to make a certain cottage on Prudence Island to the main shore was granted. The following bills were allowed and orders given for their payment, Minot A. Steele, M. D., for investigating and approved cases of itch, in South Portsmouth, January 15, 45; Frank Storch, for repairs on the high water dam at district No. 9, \$43.50; of Herbert Hall, Jr., \$50.00; of Wm. H. Gifford, for taking the school census for the year ending

Dec. 31, 1895, \$20; of Wm. T. Harvey, for assistance rendered to outside poor for four weeks, \$8; of Winfield S. Sisson, for Council fees this session, \$2.50.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

Presented by JAMES C. SWAN.

DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Inscribed on a Tombstone in the Graveyard on the Island of Barbadoes.
Here lieth the Body of Edward, son of Col. William Winton, of Newport, Road Island, who deceased Feb'y ye 21st, 1720, in the year of his age.

"Heul frustra dilecto Puero"
(Alas! in vain beloved boy.)
Far from his native land and parents dear
Dying to rise and find his friends here,
Here under alien skies he lies,
Whilst his friends spirit search to the skies.

Nicholas Carr of Jamestown.

"As he was one day plowing on his farm on the east side of the island of Conniant he was approached by the captain of an English man-of-war, which was blockading Narragansett bay, and in an insolent manner commanded him to stop his team, which order was wholly disregarded, and this enraged the captain, that he up with his pistol and fired on the independent farmer a blow on his head. War was instantly declared, and the patriotic Conniant farmer and the aggressive English captain fought the battle of the revolution in miniature, and pompous John Bull was a sight to behold after he had been rolled in the dirt until he cried for quarters. He went off to his ship in great fury and sent a file of marines ashore who took Carr and made him a prisoner. Carr was on board the ship for three days, and every day a rcp was put around his neck and he was given the choice of getting down on his knees and kiss the hand of the loyal subject of the king, and be liberated, or be hung at the yardarm of the vessel. Finding that the fear of hanging had no effect on the old patriot, he was liberated and sent ashore. He was afterwards appointed judge of the court of the island, which office he held for a number of years. He died March 3, 1813, aged 83."

Samuel Carr of Newport.

"Was drowned in Newport, March 21st, 1814. He had been to visit a sick uncle, Captain John Carr, on Washington street, and on his return in the evening, was blown off the causeway leading from Washington street to the Long wharf and was drowned. His body was recovered the next day. He was aged 58."

Ship Aurora went ashore, in the gale of Sept. 23, 1815, on Gull rocks, she gradually went to pieces.

In the year 1816, Captain Finch, father of the late Benjamin Finch, was lost with all hands on the passage from Richmond, Va., to Newport.

The sloop Swallow, of Newport, bound to the West Indies, with produce, was lost at sea in the gale of August or September, 1815, with her crew consisting of Robert M. Ambrose, master, Caleb Carr, mate, two seamen and a boy.

Daniel M. Barker's rope walk, south of Spring street, was destroyed by fire, at noon of October 8, 1816. Mr. Barker was damaged; he sent his fire himself.

Captain James Hart was lost overboard from ship Marlino, March 13, 1820, aged 40. It was in a gale of wind; a tremendous sea boarded the ship and swept him away. While in Newport he owned and lived in the house north corner of Thames and Coddington streets.

Harve Charley Southwick.

The sloop Collector of Newport, William Waldeu, master, was capsized in Narragansett Bay, January 11, 1833, there were several passengers on board and with her crew were all drowned. Charles H. Southwick, a Newport man, was one of the crew and the last survivor of those who clung to the side of the mast, and before perishing, for it was bitter cold, he cut his initials in the mast and stuck his knife near by, those that discovered the sunken vessel, took the knife which was given to some member of his family who recognized it as being his property.

His body and that of Captain Walden were recovered; both are buried in the common burying-ground. Charley Southwick was as he was familiarly known, was aged 20 years.

Murder on the High Seas.

The French ship Alexandre, of Bordeaux, Mon. Maund commander, arrived in Newport on Sunday, May 20, 1838, and in consequence of some suspicion entertained by the French Vice Consul, Mon. Felix Gonraud residing in the town, soon became an object of much attention. The ship sailed from Bordeaux for the East Indies and on her return from Batavia, the present commander says, the captain, second mate and six seamen were washed overboard in a gale, and that he being supercargo, and part owner assumed the command, and put into the Isle of France to repair damages, whence he cleared for the United States. His papers were all correct, and he made a regular entry at our Custom House.

Duct.

The Lovely Mallincoart.

By HELEN MATTHEWS,
author of "Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro'
the Ring," "My Lady Green
Sleeves," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

CRANSTON HILL, Friday.
DEAR OLD CHAP (wrote Yvelton in his
round school-boyish hand)—I brought Cranston
down all right, and Miss Mallincoart was de-
lighted to see her. They make just as pretty
a pair as ever. Lord Mallincoart is awfully
kind, and I spend a lot of time over their
and Lady Cranston is a great invalid, and
I don't cotton to one another.
I am Mallincoart always inquires for
you. She is very much altered, and I am
sure you would not recognize her. Let me know
if there is anything settled about your return
and I will run up to town to meet you.
Lord Mallincoart has asked me to come over
for the 1st. I like him immensely. Please re-
member me to your mother and Miss de-
Salles. Kindest yours,
Helen Matthews.

"She is very much altered!" That
was the only bit Ronny remembered out
of all Roger's half, halting sentences, and
it brought comfort to his aching heart.
Why was she altered if she did
not care? He had not been at all sure
to now that she did care, for a more
passive woman than Lesley did not
live, and never more elusive than when
you thought you had caught her, and
then came thoughts to dash his comfort
from him, for what if her father's and
the mother's bullyings, following on
the natural shock of his accident, might
not be held accountable for any such
change in her as Yvelton noticed?

She might have sent him one word—
one little word—it would not have hurt
her and what good would it not have
done him!

He had been carried into the sitting
room for the first time that day, as a
part of preparation for the move hono-
rable to be made in a few days, and his
mother had gone out to prevent him
from coming, and only Cynthia was
there, leaning her head against the
woodwork of the open window, a cool
and restful figure in her soft white
gown.

Beneath the awning one saw all the
desolation of Paris in August—Paris
as she is under the commune, striped
of her royal robes, yet with her bul-
ding gaiety hardly quenched in her yet.
"Cynthia," he said in the tone of a
author who has no need to pretend to
be friendly, "I have some news of
Lesley at last."

"Of Lesley?" cried Cynthia, spring-
ing up, unable to keep the light out of
her face that Lesley knew how to bring
so many, and it was a fact that
Cynthia loved only one other person
in the whole world, and that was
Lesley.

"Yvelton says that she is much al-
tered," said Ronny, his countenance
away from the light, so that he did
not see the change in Cynthia's as
she stood there, gaily, smiling, thinking
how Ronny would hate her if he knew
the truth.

She had not written one line to Les-
ley—how could she? Having accepted
at supreme sacrifice from the other
woman, how could she seek her with
words that meant nothing? For
he knew now, or surely guessed, that
Lesley had not parted lightly with a
man that had never pleased her, but
with her whole life treasure, else she
would have written. "It must have
come as a great shock to her," she said
aloud, and then it suddenly occurred to
her, why, since the girls had been
close friends, did they not correspond?

Almost, not quite, she stumbled on
the truth. Cynthia saw it dawning in
her eyes, and exclaiming, "It is time
for your medicine," brought it to him,
telling his head on her strong young
arm as she did so in a matter of fact
way that she had done so many times.

A little color came into his face as
he gently laid him back, and he looked
at her with the affection that had come
radically to replace his old dislike of
her.

"Sit down here," he said, touching a
chair near him, and she sat down, know-
ing what was expected of her, what
could make her company sweet and de-
sirable—that she should talk of Lesley.
They never talked of anything else,
and when alone together—of
that she had said, how she had looked,
the hundred and one things she had
done in the brief season that had ended
so disastrously, but save as his lovely
sister, of whom he was intensely proud,
a word of her passed Ronny's lips.

And so it had come to pass that Cy-
nthia was associated with the few bright
hours of Ronny's illness, and his moth-
er, to whom he dared not speak of Les-
ley—his mother, who had yet come to
love that to nurse, to watch over, to
nurse what one loves, even if you
must lose it at last, is the divinest sol-
ace of human suffering vouchsafed to a
man's soul. The very bitterness of
suffering is missed when we know
we have smoothed the way for our be-
loved and borne his feet up tenderly as
he traversed his dark place.

Presently Ronny said:
"I shouldn't wonder if Lesley married
Yvelton after all."

"Why?"
"He is such a good fellow and so de-
voted to her, and often it is the dark
side that wins. I don't think he was
ever really in the running."

"You must sleep now," she said
gently, and quite naturally his eyes
closed, and with it fastened on the
pale shadow of Ronny, the
brother.

Time Lady Appuldurcombe found
him on her return an hour later. He
light a weary man, overcame in the
night, rest while with love, strong and
enduring, to watch over him. She
woman look who asked him return for
her devotion absolutely certain were
more to be giving.

CHAPTER XXX.

It had been only a few days in the
nightmare, when Miss Mallincoart
appeared in her usual dress, and her
mother and father had been for the
first time in a day in the house.

awoke to his name and comes up for
judgment, putting on his very best ap-
pearance, too, lest in the interval be-
tween last and this Sunday he be sus-
pected of injurious deeds bound to
make some sort of a mark upon him,
and easily perceptible to sharp-eyed
Mallincoart and his foe.

And not even a Maison Nouvelle in-
spiration and a pale yellow combi-
frack to match could disguise the look
of strain on the usually insouciant face
of Lesley, so that those who knew her
most decided that something more than
late hours and continual excitement
had been at work, and Bob, looking at
her across the church, somehow came
to know that he had something more
than mere caprice to reckon with now.

And when on the following Sunday
Bob's place was empty the gossip whis-
pered louder, but no further excitement
was forthcoming. Bill Yvelton dropped
into the place beside her in the square
pew and, only and distinguished, was
accepted by most of those present as the
latest town captive of Miss Lesley's
bow and spear.

That he was utterly devoted to her
could be seen with half an eye, also
that she liked him, by the way
even that she gave him a hyacinth, yet
she was just as pale as ever, if more
lovely, and the spontaneity of youth
seemed for the time to have utterly left
her.

And yet, in church especially, when
dear old familiar words sounded in her
ears, there were moments when Lesley
looked absolutely good—when all her
tricks fell from her, and one felt and
knew she was true, as no impressively
virtuous person ever was, or could be,
and something radiated from and made
her lovely in the best sense of the word.

More than one man of the neighbor-
hood who had loved Lesley watched the
pair closely each Sunday, for Yvelton
made a long stay, coming over from
Cranston's with his traps to Mallin-
coart for the 1st, and only running up
to town occasionally to see Ronny, who
had safely performed the journey to
Park Lane.

And Lesley had less time to think,
now that the house was half full of her
father's guests and she was wanted by
the housekeeper so often, but she made
an opportunity all the same, while the
men were abroad, to ride over on Co-
quette every day to Lady Cranston,
who was full just then of a weary, sick-
reid against everything, who was angry
and out of patience even with Lesley
herself.

"Are you determined to ruin his life
as well as your own?" she cried out
indignantly toward the end of the first
week in September. "Have you the
right, even if you have the power?"

Upon my word, for two women to calu-
mny settle a man's future for him without
his being allowed the smallest voice in
the matter is taking an unwarrantably
great liberty with him, or so I consider."

"He will settle it for himself," said
Lesley coldly.

"For himself!" groaned Lady Cran-
ston. "Worn out, the ghost of a man,
his will power almost if not quite gone,
from pure weakness and a woman al-
ways at his elbow to whom he is bound
to attach himself as a helpless child to
his kind nurse—what free will, what
power of choice, has he in the matter?"

You two are simply taking a base, cruel
advantage of him, one for which, if he
ever recovers, he will hate and despise
the accomplices who have brought him
to such a pass."

"Lady Cranston!" cried Lesley,
starting to her feet with flaming face.
"It is perfectly true. If he were him-
self, if he were just a selfish, strong
man with a will of his own, I would
say, 'Let Cynthia do what she likes,
and let him defend himself,' but as he
is, it is like taking advantage of a
child. In his shivering coldness and
fearfulness of blood he will feel a comfort
in her warmth and beautiful, generous
organization. He will even get used to
the red hair, a color, you say, he detests,
but mark me, Lesley, when he recovers,
as I believe he will, it will be an evil
day for Cynthia and for you."

"And you think he will recover?"
cried Lesley joyously. "Oh, I could
hear it all—all to see Ronny in the sad-
dle again, for he could never be quite
unhappy so long as there is a horse left
in the world!"

Lady Cranston shook her head.
"Lesley," she said, "sometimes to
be unselfish is a vice, and you are vi-
cious now. You think only of Ronny,
but what of the hell you will make for
the man you marry, loving Ronny as
you do?"

"I don't mean to marry."

"You can't help it. Who knows? It
may be Roger Yvelton."

Lesley laughed.
"There is not a man alive who could
coax or bully me into marrying him,"
she said. "I could never understand
Tess of the D'Urbervilles going back to
that man when once she had loved An-
gel. I would have let all my family be-
come in the churchyard or go to the
united but, having once loved, I could
not even think of belonging to any one
else."

"So we all say and think when we
are young," said Lady Cranston wearily,
"but there comes a time in a woman's
life when, if she cannot have love,
at least she wants the comfort, the sup-
port of a man's arm, and when old
maids like you are in season, Lesley,
then young wives will be out of season.
And of course you may not get the sup-
port, as you have a rotten trick that
makes you lean on it," she added,
thinking of Cranston.

"If only he could get well!" said Les-
ley, her eyes shining. "The old one's last
report is certainly better, but he will
have to be down for ever so long yet."

"Poor man!" said Lady Cranston
dryly. "I should say the tortures of the
inquisitor were child's play to those
you have met and met, helpless Ron-
ny. Consider yourself with the thought
that he is as dead as I am, and try to
take any more of it." And she drove
Yvelton away as the girl stopped to
kiss her.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Lesley went out with the men's
baggage, she was to leave on the
express train to the party in Bill
Hickman's motor car. She had seen the
same time as Yvelton, who was
Broughton in the new motor, was out
of the house, and she was to leave on
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quicker in by Lesley.

"How do you do, Bob?" she said,
with as friendly an air as if she had
answered any one of the letters with
which he had bombarded her. "When
did you come back—and did you meet
many people you knew at Hadding?"

And then she passed on with Yvel-
ton to attend to her duties as hostess in
the little hall which happened to be feed-
ing ground that day.

"Bish stew for a treat," he heard
her saying next to Yvelton. "I know
how all you men love it." And then the
hungry sportsmen came trooping into
the long narrow room, and every man
called for his own particular variety in
drink, and there was a smart fusillade
of talk, in which Lesley, much improv-
ed in health and spirits since Bob had
seen her last, took her part ably.

"Was Yvelton the cause?" Bob asked
himself as he went to the door and re-
fused himself as he went to the door and
him. "And if so—well!" Lesley to some-
times to a man with a flaxen head as
smooth as a billiard ball and a mug
like—but compassion failed him.

Bob had heard a lot about "the lovely
Mallincoart," as they called her, from
all the town contingent at Hadding—
of her success, her frolics, of the im-
broglio into which she had got her
cousin, of how Yvelton had parted
with or given her Miss Coquette, of
how entirely devoted to her he was, so
that it was no wonder Bob had dis-
missed Ronny from his jealous mind
as a mere coxcomb, and hearing that Yel-
verson was at Mallincoart made haste to
return.

Most of the men present were old
friends of Lord Mallincoart, living at a
distance and quite unaware of those
tricks of Miss Lesley that had so severe-
ly limited her father's shooting lists,
and if they one and all admired her no
man was doing, even though their law-
ful and middle-aged owners might not
have approved.

"He is very good looking," said Yel-
verson aside in an interval of stew.
"Got a devil of a temper, too, I should
say," he added, getting no reply, while
Lord Mallincoart, glancing from one to
the other of the two men, had some dis-
agreeable qualms that made the flavor
of his roast beef and beloved bitter
ale less agreeable than usual.

When they all presently trooped out,
Lesley announced her intention of driv-
ing instead of walking home, which
was the exact opposite of what had been
her intention, as she loved to wander
through the copses and woods in these
glorious September days, and here fully
visible, as the inn stood at the roadside,
within Lord Mallincoart's demesne, and
on the other side of the path beech and
ash and aspen spread their shade upon
the uneven ground.

As Lesley settled herself in the dog-
cart, slim and smart as usual in her
light checked tweed, with all her acces-
sories perfect as usual, she glanced
swiftly at the two men standing side
by side, and Yvelton pleased her taste
best, for he had that indefinable air of
birth and breeding impossible, it would
seem, to acquire without exclusive mix-
ing in the best and worst society in the
world, otherwise town.

Yet how handsome Bob was—how
angry! Anger in some men is like the
determining touch of color that a wom-
an who has made a fine art of painting
gives to her cheek, and anger became
Bob, Lesley decided, as she carelessly
invited him to dinner.

When she had gone, the men moved
off side by side to the covert, whence
the sound of shots came in rapid suc-
cession, covering their distance to each
other's company, after the manner of
their kind, with reluctance.

A little spring, babbling along some-
where out of sight for company, the
fire gave out their magical notes, and
all the glories of the year, troubling in
its perfected beauty on the verge of de-

struction, seemed to be a part of the
world, otherwise town.

And then she passed on.
cry, appealed not at all to these stub-
born, silent mortals, who saw and heard
nothing but their desires and the selfish
beats of their own hearts. "Love is for
an hour or day, but I am here always,"
whispered nature, but they would not
listen. Just out of earshot of the sports-
men Bob paused and touched Roger's
arm significantly.

"You are engaged to her," he said.
"I have engaged to her," he said.
"You have engaged to her," he said.
"I have engaged to her," he said.

"You have engaged to her," he said.
"I have engaged to her," he said.
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CHAPTER XXXI.

Lady Appuldurcombe had Park Lane
all to herself, and she had Ronny all to
herself and was happy in a way that
seemed to her quite extraordinary.

With Ronny's real but very slow im-
provement she found it in her heart to
pardon Lesley and to be heartily
ashamed of that dreadful letter she had
sent Mallincoart. To be sure, Lesley's
heartlessness in making inquiries for
Ronny and this news today concerning
her and Yvelton showed what a mere
child she was. Still Lady Appuldurcombe
would have given a good deal to wipe
out both her cause on the girl and her
letter, and it was of this she was think-
ing one afternoon as from her boudoir
window she gazed out on the full glory
of those flower beds reserved for the
telling millions who do not go out of
town in September, and wondered what
she could do to set her mistake right.

Yvelton was very out with her
when he came—it was extraordinary
how loyal all the men who loved Lesley
were to her—and Mallincoart had replied
to her letter with that most terrible of
all replies, silence.

But today from an old friend now
staying with her husband in Somerset-
shire Lady Appuldurcombe had received
quite at the end of a long chatty letter
the following item of intelligence: "So
your niece, the lovely Mallincoart, as
we all called her in town, and a more
natural, delicious creature I never met—
so distinguished, too—is to marry
Roger Yvelton, who is now at Mallin-
coart, and all the men who wanted to
marry her—and they are legion here—
in despair. Not such a good match
as her, after all, but that is the last
thing she would think of. They say
there is bad blood between him and a
lover she formerly favored, but I do
hope there are to be no more duels about
her. She is so much too good for all
that sort of thing."

Lady Appuldurcombe thought of the
girl's winning ways, how she really
could not help being different from other
girls—natural, in short, as her friend
had put it—and she had not wanted to
come to town, and Ronny had been—
unwisely—to notice what a ruffian like
Dashwood said.

She turned impatiently away from the
window. She would go and look
after Ronny and Cynthia in the draw-
ing room. The two had grown so friend-
ly in these past weeks, almost months,
and, after all, thought the mother, with
a sharp pang, would it not hurt her ev-
ery whit as much to give Ronny up to
one woman as another?

She went abruptly into the long
salon, and as she entered caught the
name of "Lesley," which, strangely
enough, was the talk of the moment be-
tween the two, and a sudden access of
temper, almost of cruelty, common to
the best and worst of women, seized
her, as going forward, she said:

"You are talking of Lesley? And I
was just coming to tell you some news
about her!"
She did not look at the couch drawn
well out of the light upon which Ron-
ny lay, at the girl who had risen from
the low chair at his side. A terrible
sense that since he was no longer her
Ronny now it mattered little if he were
Cynthia's or Lesley's, and that in any
case it was Lesley's work, made her
voice sharp as she said:

"She is going to marry Yvelton.
Mary Stonbridge, who has been over
to Mallincoart, has written to tell me
so."

She moved to the balcony. The sil-
ence in the room was absolute. Then,
still cool, Lady Appuldurcombe left
the balcony, and without a glance at
Ronny went away.

Cynthia knelt down beside him,
and his deathly face, damp with sweat,
was turned toward her.
As he looked at her, so good, so beau-
tiful, so true, no whit altered to him by
his great calamity, only loving him the
more for it, strangely enough the very
line flashed through his mind that once
had formed the subject of a prayer in
hers:

Sweet as your smile shown on my ever,
For with both of them it was a much
loved song, and her smile had never
failed him as girl and woman. A quick
revelation against Lesley, against her
heartlessness, her empire, her inability
even to wait to see if recovery were pos-
sible to him, flashed through Ronny,
and with a groan his head fell forward
on Cynthia's breast. These moments of
physical weakness, of least desertion,
accomplished what no effort of stubborn
will to have gratefully could have done
—for with the instinct of a tired child
to its mother, of escaping from pain to
a haven of warm forgiveness Ronny's
arms closed feebly but tenderly about
the girl, and with his lips seeking hers
he fell into a long sleep.

And so, with her cradle safe in her
strong young arms, no more an em-
blem, Cynthia, for at least a little space, en-
tered into his life.

That night she wrote to Lesley—her
first letter since that one which made her
Grosvenor place.

After a long time, she wrote to her
mother, and then to her father, and
then to her sister, and then to her
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THE LOVELY MALINCOURT.

(Continued from second page.)

The woman who had stolen just

ified herself to the woman she had

robbed.

And broad awake Romy was think-

ing, with that ugly silhouette of his

weakness to the once strong man show-

ing at a distance: "Oh, my God, what

have I done—what have I done! What

if she has set herself far apart from me!

Need I do the same by her?"

"To reach a nerve far down and

decide it," she said once, "tempting

that she did care a little, and that now,

in her reckless wild way, she is trying

to reach that nerve to decide it." He

grounded about in his despair, and his

attendant rose, thinking him in pain.

Cynthia—Romy lay for a long while

regarding her image, which was not

abhorrent to him now—even that faint

streak of wood violets was merged in his

strong vivid personality. He had clung

to her as death clings to life, seeking

to warm himself by her fire and strength,

and his mother herself had not been

able to give him that sense of safety, of

comfort which in his darkest hours

Cynthia had afforded. And now she

was to be his nurse for life, and Lesley,

swift and sure footed, was to run before

the wind like Atalanta, with Yvelton

pursuing and overtaking her, and—

—a sudden silence spread over the

chamber, and the attendant, rushing to

his side, found that Romy had fainted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lesley read Cynthia's letter as a man

reads the warrant for his execution. He

had known all along it was coming, yet

it struck him a blow all the same, for,

beside the inevitable uncertainty be-

comes almost hope.

She announced the news at breakfast

with a flourish, at a moment when

Lesley was apparently absorbed all

her faculties, and putting the right

amount of sugar into each cup of her

dearest object in life.

She looked neither at her father nor

at Yvelton, but as several of the men

present knew Romy, and one or two

Cynthia, there was a general buzz of

talk over the news, in which Lesley

joined.

"It's an old affair between them,"

said Holcroft, "and she is a magnificent

specimen of a woman, for those who

like the subdued red haired type."

"Two jewels," said a fair man pres-

ent, shaking his Rufus head.

"Too faithful," said Lesley calmly.

"But I think they'll be very happy all

the same. She will just devote her life

to him, as he might have continued to

devote his to horses if—"

Holcroft smiled.

"My dear Miss Malincourt," he said,

"Romy Kilmarry will not need to

marry a nurse, really. I dined with Sir

James as I passed through town the

night before last and pumped him thor-

oughly about Romy's case, and this is

what the great surgeon said."

He paused. The whole table paused

too. Even the servants, with dishes in

their hands, stood listening.

"Romy Kilmarry," said Sir James,

"will make a perfect recovery. It is

purely a matter of time. The French

doctors misunderstood the case. The

bullet never penetrated farther than the

muscles. The wound became inflamed,

but now the bullet is extracted. He has

only to get up his strength, and this

day six months you'll probably see him

winning every big race, as usual."

"Thank God," cried Yvelton from

his heart, and the words were warmly

echoed round the table.

"This is news indeed to me," said

Yvelton. "I haven't seen him for ten

days, and though he never complained

I saw he had no hope of recovery what-

ever. Hurrah! Do you think Sir James

told him?"

He said not. He said Kilmarry was

too tired to be told anything after the

examination, and his mother was ill

and resting. He had to go out of town

yesterday, but meant to go and tell

Romy today.

The eyes of Yvelton and Lesley met

in a flash that said:

"If Sir James had told Romy the

truth the day before yesterday, should

we have got that news from Cynthia

today?"

And Lord Malincourt's heart was

heavy. He knew Lesley's face well by

now, and what it had cost her to make

that announcement with the supreme

carelessness she did.

"I wish she had less pink," he said

to himself as he glanced round at the

indifferent men, the picturesque con-

flict of the beautiful old dining hall,

through the open windows of which

came the brisk September air, "and the

man's a fool," he added to himself sa-

vage. "Heroes seem to be pretty poor

stuff when it comes to matters of com-

mon sense."

In the hall later Lesley, seeing off

the men, got a cruel word in her ear.

"I hope you are satisfied," said Y-

velton. "You have just spoiled three

lives, for you don't realize Cynthia—

this will be happy?"

"Of course she will be happy," said

Lesley, with her prompt air. "And so

shall I," she added, walking away from

him in a way that made a man who did

not know the subject of conversation

decide that really these country girls

had a commendable cheek about them,

that a town girl could not hope to imi-

tate.

But the cheek was all gone when

Lesley, escaping to her bedroom, saw in

a looking glass the blue eyes, the little

white face, that was to be always her

own now, never Romy's.

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For 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222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